

BRITISH ARE THROWN INTO RUSSIAN BASTILE

Bolshevik Red Guard Attacks Consulate Following Death of Comrades, Inflicting Starvation and Other Tortures Upon Prisoners in Petrograd Fortress

Special Cable to Evening Public Ledger
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Sept. 29, Peter and Paul Fortress, Troubetskoy Bastion, Petrograd, Sept. 2, via London, Oct. 2.

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Those arrested at the consulate were Mackie, vice consul; Dohson, the London Times correspondent; Lombard, British consul; and Mr. C. R. Constance, the American consul, and members of the London Morning Post, Blackbom, editor of the Daily Express, and myself (the correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle) were also arrested.

130 Men in One Room

We were taken to the Prefecture where we were examined, and the money was taken from us excepting about 100 rubles, and we were then placed in a large room in which over 100 men were finally confined. This included British and French subjects, together with Russians, among whom were murderers, revolutionaries, speculators, cocaine merchants and speculators.

There were thirty-six beds in the room, so the majority slept where they could, some on the floor and on forms. I personally slept on a table, and was a good deal tormented by visitors. There was a regularly elected head of the room, who, when he had been arrested for attempting to rescue his friends, through him we were able to purchase cigarettes, raspberry tea, ginger bread, twenty-four-rubles-a-pound cheese, stamps, etc. In addition we were able to write open letters to our friends and could receive parcels from them three weekly.

From the money taken from us we were permitted to receive fifty rubles weekly, but that did not go very far, and the authorities fed us once daily about 2 p.m., when every mess of five men received a small meal consisting of a quarter of a pound of dried black bread and a man. We were provided with wooden spoons and sat around and sipped from a common basin. Hot water for tea was provided, and the prisoners were fed only twice weekly. The last time they had been fed was Sunday at 11 p.m. The room was rotten.

The official train, which is carrying the state for the Liberty train, was to land next Monday, and the ship workers are arranging for a big journal to be printed in the shipyard, where the train will stop.

At midnight the light went out, and as the poor chaps sat in the dark, depressed and hungry, we could feel the heat of the fire burning through. We could not help because the little supplies we had would hardly have lasted a month. All around. The members are the worst men, the naval armament superintendent of the port and some of the sailors.

On Monday morning a gang of criminals was brought in, and one told me a rather interesting story. The commissary came in and made some remarks to this man and went out. The man then told me that the commissary and the chief of police had been arrested and were in prison together. A short time ago the commissary was arrested, for house-breaking and was sentenced to be shot. He offered his services to the Bolsheviks and was released on condition that he betray all his old comrades.

So now this gentleman rides around in a motor and arrests all his old friends. He had been engaged only two weeks on this particular job, but he had already arrested over 200 criminals.

"Strike Them! That's What's Wanted!"

The relations of the guards to the prisoners were on the whole, cold and unfeeling, but the atmosphere was always one of fear and dread, and though I was not particularly angry, I never remember time passing so slowly.

One stationed himself at the entrance and counted the number of the cells as they were fed. We waited. Now cell No. 33. "We have nearly an hour yet to wait."

We dared not light our candle, for we had to go to bed, and sleep till they got to cell No. 34, the next cell up, and though I wasn't particularly angry, I never remember time passing so slowly.

As the room got crowded the atmosphere became more and more stifling, so a number of the prisoners went into the kitchen to get a breath of air. Suddenly the commissary came in. He demanded what they were doing there, and, being informed that the reason was that the room was overcrowded and stifling, he called out: "Drive them out of the room! Strike them! That's what's wanted."

However, the overcrowding became so serious on Tuesday that it was essential to take some steps, and so the British and French and a few others were ordered to get ready. We were not informed where we would be taken, and there was considerable delay, as at first the guard daily refused to take us away.

Finally, the guard was collected, and we were all assembled in the yard, and then in broad daylight we were marched through the streets to St. Peter and Paul's fortress to the evident distress of the Russian whom we met on the way.

We went very slowly, as some of our party were more than seventy years of age, and one or two crippled. On our way we passed the embassy, which seemed deserted, the flag being down.

On our arrival at the fortress, the commanding officer at first refused to put us in, as the cells were so overcrowded, but he finally decided to put us in the Troubetskoy Bastion, where political prisoners were formerly confined. We were afraid at first that we should be confined on the ground floor where the cells are exceedingly damp, but we were taken to the first floor.

Confined Without Accusation

There was a foul prison stench as we went along the corridor, the smell of men who had been herded together with little air and less comfort. We saw pallid faces looking out through peep-holes, and though we only learned that they were mainly former officers, many of whom had been employed in various Soviet institutions.

Most of them had not been examined, and some had been confined without any accusation being made against them for a month.

We were long left in doubt as to where we were to be placed, and were broken into groups of eight and not into already overcrowded cells.

Where, under the old regime, one prisoner was confined, had a bed to sleep in, three meals a day, half hours walk every day in a corridor and a walk outside on the time needed, we found that the candle was put out, and we settled ourselves for the night.

"No Place for God," TROTsky

Salvation Army Commissioner Told of Remark in Interview

Commissioner Henry M. Mapp, head of the Salvation Army in Russia, told today of an interview he had with Leon Trottsky. He sought the Bolshevik leader to obtain permission to conduct Salvation Army work in Petrograd.

Trotsky asked what political party the Army adhered to.

"We have nothing to do with politics," Commissioner Mapp informed him.

"If that is the case we shall not disturb you," Trotsky answered. "It is true, then, that you are a religious organization?"

"Yes. The Bolshevik program we have no place for God," was Trotsky's comment.

Commissioner Mapp related a story of Trotsky's interest in the Russian rabbi, who appealed to the Bolsheviks to stop the slaughter of innocent people.

"He was told of God and the Day of Judgment, and was much surprised to give an account of deeds done in the flesh."

"That may all be true, but I shall accept your purpose if I have to be buried through rivers of blood," Trotsky answered.

SHIP NEWS PAY-AND-ENTER CARS FOR NEW YORK YARD

Thirteen Jammed to Guards as Thousands of Men Start Home

Guards, who were arrested for stealing the small amount of money they had been on guard and who had a general stock of undesirable guests. So they got wide berth and larger space than they deserved. However, on 8-29 made us kindly welcome and lumped together as little closer, and we arranged our bedding on the floor, after which we saw the bed as many as we could and took the last. We were given a cigarette from our scanty supply and learned the routine and rules of the little commune in which we found ourselves as well as the traditions of our cell.

Star Prisoner Writes Poem

Here in this cell was Turkevich, an ardent member of the Extreme Monarchist party in the Duma, a Jew hater and reactionary, who abandoned politics when he was declared and organized a party of opposition for the comfort of the soldiery in the hospital clinics, vocational training, trade and bathes, etc. This Slav of Pan-Slavs, in his burning patriotism and love for his country, was ready to kill the Jews. He had been formerly so bitterly dedicated part of his time he spent in writing upon the war entitled "Peace," of which the following is a rough translation:

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